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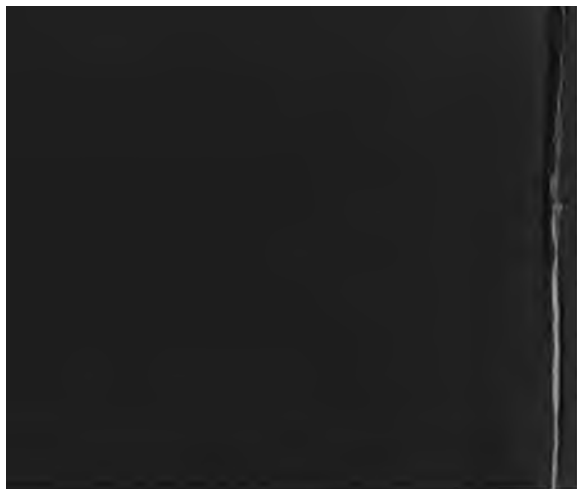
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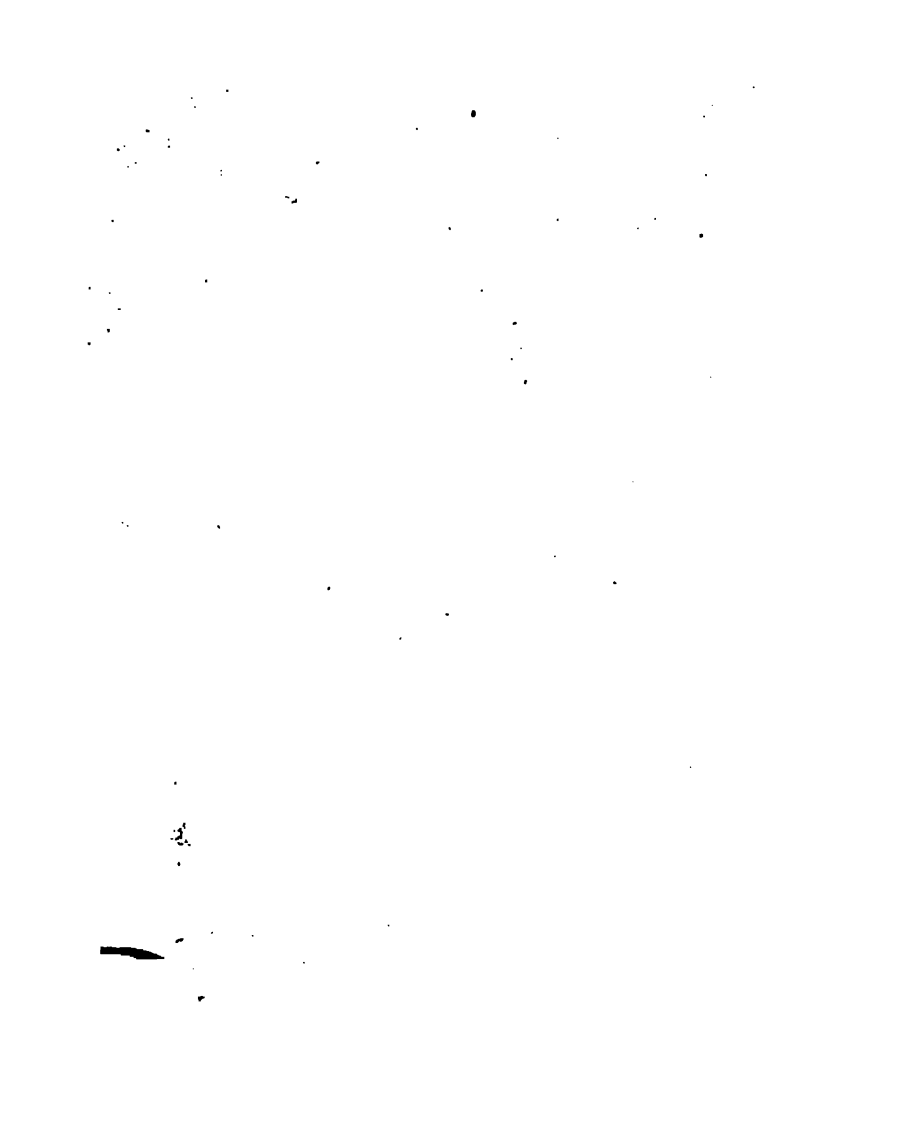
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ORIGINAL
DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Two upright posts here represent
The riddle double-sided ;
The cross-bars, as exponents, meant
To save you all predicament,
Are for each need provided.

A country stile it just may be,
Or gateway broad or narrow,
With steps in dozens, or but three,
And strength to bear man's dignity,
Or but to perch a sparrow.

CATCH WHO CAN

OR

HIDE AND SEEK.

ORIGINAL DOUBLE ACROSTICS.



By SPHINX.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1869.



280. m. 391.

*A KEY to the 'Catch who Can' Acrostics is
published separately, price 6d.*

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SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

ACROSTIC DEDICATION.

Lady, in those deep, thoughtful eyes,
Lives not a glance that could despise
 The lowliest aim:
If it one weary hour beguile,
Or win from sadden'd hearts one smile,
 Thou wilt not blame.

We're told 'great names do hallow song,'
And when both 'good' and 'great,' belong
 To one lov'd name,
Fain would I venture thus to bring
To such an one this offering,
 Though but a game!

1. Speak it openly and free,
'Tis no hollow flattery
To her grace and dignity.
2. She can neither bear nor be
Aught of unreality.
3. Clear the current of her life,
Soothing sorrow, healing strife ;
4. Like her own Northumbrian saint
In earth's duties eloquent,
Whilst, with inward spirit-eyes,
5. Gazing into paradise.
6. Had the Grecian poetess
Sought to tell of peerlessness,
7. She had sung of planet bright,
With its radiance of light ;
But a holier type is thine,
In the light of truth divine.

HIDE AND SEEK.



I

A game well fitted to engage
The limbs of youth—the mind of age ;
Though differing for each in name,
The object is for both the same.



1. The jaded horse is glad to be without me.
2. Before you venture 'tis as well to doubt me.
2. With penknife sharp, not difficult you'll find it.
3. The creature would require strong cords to bind it.

B

II

If my first in my second could always be had,
The cats would rejoice, the cook would be glad.

1. This is needed to keep the above in good order.
2. A treasure watch'd over by guard and recorder.
3. An old Bible Worthy with rather weak mind.
4. This, not in the past, but the sequel you'll find,
5. Strict Justice she softens, if she does not blind.



III

Between these twain perpetual war doth rage,
Though passive one, and active is the other;
The Sister blocks her ports from age to age,
Whilst storms her ev'ry hold the alien Brother.
The First held once, as sages love to tell,
O'er land and sea her universal sway;
And when the Second's reign shall thus prevail,
Man's work shall end, and earth shall pass away.

1. Though grim of aspect, yet when lov'd ones
part
My First is deem'd a blessing to the heart.
2. On Syrian plains fair Ruth my Second sought,
When she a richer prize in Boaz caught.
3. Protesting England shriek'd my Third amain,
When Pope and Wiseman strove therein to
reign.
4. By fault or folly driven to his doom,
My Fourth may find afar an outcast's tomb.

5. By this from heaving wave or mountain's
side,
Or from your oven you may be supplied.
6. In building up or pulling down, old Time
Is busy at my Sixth in every clime.
7. My Seventh unto a land our thoughts doth
take,
Whose sons were surely seldom wide awake.
8. Light heels, and not light heads, my Eighth
requires,
When wingless zeal to lofty heights aspires.
9. My Ninth the first of thieves is known to
fame,
In Time's young records lives that blighted
name.



IV

Though name and surname live in Scripture's
page,
Nor First, Last, Whole, belongs to Saint or Sage.

1. A place I claim on mountain height,
But scorn not many a lowlier site.
2. A part of speech which self commendeth
Alike beginneth me and endeth.
3. A smile of Heaven do Poets deem thee ?
Then let this thought ne'er ill-beseem thee,
4. And sweetest notes still may'st thou give,
To charm and soothe the hearts that grieve.
5. Found on Tekoa's pasturing plain.
6. Mark'd but by loss, priz'd but by gain.
7. In cycles, sunshine, circles, glass,
My foot-prints tracing as they pass.

V

My First is like my Second, 'double, double,'
Yet you may guess them without 'toil or trouble.'

1. An Indian city rich in Durbar fame.
2. An obstinate catarrh may take my name.
3. One who doth tuum into meum change.
4. A Tropic stream where alligators range.
5. Five servants needful to man's perfect power.
6. A pert small bird who chirps in leafy bower.
7. In David's trouble one heart faithful prov'd.
8. Philosopher, unloving and unlov'd.



VI

In cookery and chemistry
We're us'd with great effect ;
And one of us in case of need
E'en Heroes won't reject.

1. A tree symbolic of aspiring aim.
2. Canst thou repeat too oft 'the one lov'd
name ?'
3. A kindred tie which many a heart hath blest.
4. A mode of progress roughish at the best.
5. An interjection not of highest breeding.
6. A rank most other dignities exceeding.



VII

‘Country dame, country dame, oh, where have
you been?’

I’ve been at the palace to see the Queen.

‘What did you do when you got there?’

I fell on my nose when I reach’d her chair.

‘Country dame, country dame, oh, how were you
dressed?’

In a peacock’s tail, and a cockatoo’s crest,

And a furbelow’d petticoat rich as the best—

And my head it was cover’d with vegetation—

And with plumage the finest in all creation.

And I shook the Queen’s hand when I ought to
have kiss’d it,

And I tried to curtsy, but utterly miss’d it,

And my sky-blue train got under my feet,

And I turn’d my back and made my retreat.

1. His head and shoulders much men prize,
But why should they his tail despise?
-

2. Gold there abundant was, and pure,
 3. Habit will make us much endure.
 4. Here you may hide and see them pass,
 5. And plait your locks before the glass.
-

VIII

On your table for tea
My place 'tis to be.

I'm on your tea-table
The work of hands able.

1. On Chaldean plain 'tis said I stood.
2. 'Gallant' my sea-born fame, 'and good.'
3. A robb'd hen's one solicitude.

IX

Of these two, each alike receives,
But in return one only gives.
One drinks in nature's countless voices,
And in all harmony rejoices.
The other dwells on beauteous things,
And shows forth bright imaginings.

1. This twilight hour is calm and sweet,
2. Unbroken by war's myriad feet ;
3. The present fades, and memory
Dwells undisturb'd on times gone by.



X

Most people wish for one of these,
The wise man asks for neither—
A middle way his taste would please,
Distant alike from either.
Blessing upon the one doth rest,
Yet few there be who'd choose it,
Whilst that by weight of care opprest
Few truly would refuse it.

1. Let us hope she'll be quieter when she is older,
2. Though 'tis better to thaw than grow stiffer
and colder.
3. Amongst coral reefs there are hollows terrific,
4. Where a Bishop of isles in the far off Pacific
5. With the Prelate of York to exchange might
be glad,
With a misty belief that he must have been
mad,
Or oblivious in some festive hour of temptation

6. Of the temperance due to episcopal station,
Or he never had sought so severe a translation.
-

XI

If these two you cultivate,
One for scolding, one for hate,
'Tis a paltry, lame excuse
That you keep the first for use—
That the last is innocent
When 'tis not in malice spent—
Call *that* better if you will,
Say in *this* you mean no ill—
Both forborne were better still.

1. Why shorten thus a good old name?
2. Italian town of saintly fame.
3. Keep this and justice on your side.
4. The temper of its steel is tried.—

XII

A modern Leader.

A special Pleader.

1. *This* battery revives, theirs overthrows.
2. A name that in a starlit circle glows,
Its type below, the British senate knows.
3. To Spenser's hero, tho' an euphuist,
Some semblance may in both the above exist.
4. Both skill'd in parrying thrusts of opposition,
5. And pricking on the steeds of coalition.
6. To *thee*—to *thee*! belongs the praise or blame,
Brief Latin motto for thy shield of Fame.
7. These days produce no author such as this
To trace an M. P.'s metamorphosis.
8. Yet nobler is it in the strife to be
Sincerely chang'd than a nonentity—
9. Be thou but true ev'n in extremity.

XIII

It may be of silver, of wood, or of gold ;
On your nose you may find it—your hand may
enfold—

You may see it in cloudland when glances the sun,
And it finishes off what it never begun.

It whirls and it rises—it stands there alone,
Where perchance it despises the things lower
down ;

It mounts on the chimney, it rocks in the tree—
With the babe in the cradle it ought to agree.

Sometimes it is punished, but what does it care
Whilst it takes the precedence in Vanity Fair ?

1. Locomotion which makes you enjoy a good
saddle.
2. A lady who once through the mist did
'skedaddle.'
3. Grandeur so weighty my brain soon would
addle.

XIV

It holds in its windings the song of the sea.
More destructive and dangerous nothing can be.
Fill'd with food of a nature the lightest and best,
'Tis hollow and void, yet a death-holding chest,
And at home it can make itself in a warm nest.

An enchantment—a witchery—magic and bondage.
Essential to reading and writing all language.

By its laws the Queen's 'English' is kept 'undefyl'd.'

By its charms heart and mind are too often
beguil'd.

1. Ye 'quenchless sentries of the night !'
2. A mass 'of dust remains' in sight.
3. When on 'the beach' dew-soak'd 'and chill,
He thought himself us'd very ill.
'Follow your leader' is his cry
4. Whilst boasting of his liberty,
5. And often by a side-long course
He takes things easier than by force.

XV

Its beginning who can tell ?
Where it ceaseth who shall say ?
Show the place where it doth dwell—
Is it all ethereal ?
Or akin to earthly clay ?
Ponderous, fragile, palpable,
Animate and locomotive,
Yet a dusty, clay-built cell,
Tenanted, material,
Sentient, ministrant and votive.
Join'd for better or for worse,
Mutually to bless or curse—
One life's prose, and one its verse.

1. In dreams her steeds she o'er our eye-lids
drives.
2. By this man's influence, Shakespeare's art
contrives
To show how heroes may suppress their wives ;

3. If this great huntsman did so, we're not told,
 4. But Samson's *fate* and troubles manifold
He might have soften'd by like action bold.
-

XVI

Two storied heights whose name and fame will
last
Till time and faith shall fail—
The one an outline of a wondrous Past
Behind a mystic veil,
And one the outlook of a Future vast
Of blessing and of bale.

1. Malignant creature, dark and mean,
Who finished off a noted Queen.
2. An eminence of modern fame
For scenic, not historic name.
3. A much-malign'd, four-legg'd reprovcr.
4. Transforming into spouse a lover.

5. Incense of flowers and pleasant things,
And oft what art from nature brings.
6. Would that kind friends would speak it plain
Without the stabs of needless pain
Whose venom makes its lessons vain.
-

XVII

O weak, frail Adam ! O light-finger'd Eve !
Had you this grace possess'd,
Your progeny had not been born to grieve
For lack of peace and rest.
Yet it might be that life without contention
Had dull and stagnant grown—
Man's spirit thrives and strengthens in dissen-
sion—
Faith droops when left alone,
And mother Church herself may need a stirring
From friends or foes, though wanderers deem'd,
and erring.

1. This hero lives in Epic of Lord Byron,
Some heart within him—outside dark and iron.
2. A name Italian dangerously explosive—
3. A compound acid, stinging, and corrosive.
4. To pancakes and fair ladies' heads applying.
5. The sun goes down—the light of day is dying.
6. My mortal life and my immortal soul
I 've vow'd alike unto your will's control.
7. One of the 'feather'd fowl,' pert, restless, small,
Comes hopping for your notice, last of all.



XVIII

The most destructive element
That lives in all creation,
Yet people give it care and love
And general toleration.

Good women make of it my Second
Which ruthlessly enslaves them—
They patiently submit, howe'er
It worries, wears, and braves them.

1. This sacred dignity was once
The thing that's nam'd above,
2. But lyric light as is my Second
He might not now approve.
3. Though o'er calm waves by this upborne
Ev'n *he* might deign to rove.

XIX

Material is the First,
Its contrary the other—
Their offices too oft revers'd,
Since sister unto brother
Is not more tenderly allied,
The one to serve, the other guide,
But usually the heavy brother
Blinds, smothers, and enslaves the other.

1. This fain would utter only benediction.
2. The mighty river is no vulgar fiction,
Tho' not 'almightiest' after Yankee diction.
3. He made his first appearance decently,
Pity one can't complete it to a T,
4. For which defect this howl would fitting be.

XX

Two grades of those who man
Old England's sea-girt walls ;
Or in the rear or van
Their post when duty calls.

1. My First may be a kingdom or a cup.
2. Mind how you use my next in summing up.
3. A song of sorrow, or a hymn of life.
4. A fall of waters in a land of strife.
5. A realm of castles quickly overthrown.
6. An Indian tribe with little left to own,
7. Whilst Yankee honour *through its nose* ' doth
guess '
That 'might is right,' and virtue selfishness.

XXI

My First is reality.—My Second ideality.

In sound resembling—how oppos'd in sense !
One letter causing grievous difference.

1. I 'm robb'd of my proportions just and fair ;
2. Ill names of thief and rogue you make me
bear ;
You hang a cur for stealing without shame—
3. Hang you ! why your ancestors did the same.
Dog-hanging is, at best, an ugly thing,
4. And drowning too, ev'n in Ortygia's spring ;
5. And if my lady doom to either fate
A former pet, her cruelty I hate.



XXII

One is under,
One above,
One doth sunder,
One doth prove
That the parted need not sever,
Parted once, rejoin'd for ever.
One below may still go on
Shining, beautiful, alone ;
Fitful, careless, bounding, singing,
Ofttimes mischief round it flinging ;
Ofttimes joy and freshness bringing.
Looking on it, that above
Still may stand a type of love,
Reuniting those who sever—
Waiting, aiding, serving ever.

1. Fair in foliage and flowers,
This no forest giant towers.
 2. Trembling, quivering beneath
Every zephyr's passing breath.
-

3. Actress great, whose woman's name
Purely shines through all her fame.
4. Seem'd the bitterness o'erpast—
5. Came the vengeance sure at last.
6. Working trouble underground,
Sightless, soft, without a sound.

XXIII

'Said a smile to a tear on the face of my dear'
We are copying a day in the spring-time of year.
This fierce howling wind seems surely unkind
When we hop'd to have left winter tempests
behind.

1. A Greek who made pretension
2. To be my noble Second,
But only sow'd dissension,
And was a traitor reckon'd.

3. Piratical Norwegian
In Norman annals fam'd.
Goddess whose 'name is legion'
 4. *Thus* by Assyria claim'd.
 5. Old Saturn's place of hiding
When he his work had done
Of sowing and dividing,
And left the earth alone.
-

XXIV

'Drink, pretty creature, drink ;'
But yet be not too sure—
Doubt hovers round the brink—
No future is secure.

1. 'Twill give you a cold if you do not take care.
 2. This canton is call'd on for more than its share.
 3. The splendour's beyond what I 've spirits to bear.
-

XXV

Both rise on the land,
Both sink in the sea,
Both fall or stand
As the need may be.
Both are strong in limb and sound in heart,
And warmth and shelter both impart.

1. One of four expletives heard by a hero
When his courage slipp'd down to the level
of zero.
2. A fair southern island of classical story,
3. More in cliff than in woodland or flowers is
its glory.



XXVI

Fools must they be, or madmen, thus inclin'd
Where cruelty and danger are combin'd.
Beasts in their sports are wiser than mankind.

Courage and science are herein combin'd,
Good, as the first is evil, for mankind ;
The very storms their ministers they find,
By no foul stain of cruelty malign'd.

1. 'Ships of the Desert' here are mostly needed.
2. This slight shade priz'd where race-stand
were unheeded.
3. Whether for good, or for its contrary
4. Fearful examples in this age we see
5. Of the wild frenzy which swift ruin brings,
6. And blight around the fairest portion flings.
7. Perhaps the spoil'd sons of the good old
priest
Car'd neither for the lives of man nor beast.

-
8. These bards of ancient Greek or Roman
glory
9. Or the blind poet of heroic story,
Sang they of betting books, or gambler's
woes ?
10. But a fleet maiden, as the legend goes
Tempted by golden fruitage in the race
Lost both the prize, and all her pride of place,
11. By law more stern than that at Salzburg
sign'd,
12. Spite of her beauty's sway o'er heart and
mind.



XXVII

Very useful, very strong,
Loud and deep-voic'd as a gong ;
Restless, wrathful, scattering,
Taking more than it can bring.
Now a verb, and now a noun,
Yet the two no kinship own.

In its uses multifarious—
In its voices fitful, various ;
Shrieking now in agony—
Now a soothing melody :
Killing secretly and slowly—
Youth demoralizing wholly—
Rising high, and lying lowly.

-
1. Take care how you come in my way when
I 'm cross.
 2. Thus to double one self proves one's skill at
a loss.
 3. If time and tide favour, perhaps I may take it—
 4. Though the fast has been long, and I fain
would first break it.

XXVIII

My First is a travesty, in these degenerate days,
Of one who in young Christendom had 'in the
Churches praise.'

No purple robes he needed his spirit's power to
dress—

His palace was his sanctity—his pomp was
holiness.

My next is the profession, in these professing
days,

Of what was erst of Pagan—of Druid—Brahmin'
Sage—

It dons the vests of sacrifice—heart-secrets it
unfolds—

Heaven's mysteries it guardeth—the keys of
Heaven it holds.

Each in his sacred office such miracles achieves
As no Apostle dream'd of—as scarce himself
believes—

He blesses sinners into saints—his word is consecration—

On earthly things he breathes, and lo! there 's transubstantiation.

If now the type of either from the far past could rise,

And see his full development, he 'd disbelieve his eyes.

New systems are unfolding in this new age of light,

And Darwin's 'self-selection' may set these wonders right !
—

1. To make a baby laugh, can any better plan be ?
2. What no good deacon, priest, or even bishop can be.
3. Here fail'd at last in temper, a patient legislator—
4. A shrine which wanderers cling to, from Poles unto Equator.

-
5. An ancient heathen Deity whose single eye
was striking.
 6. My shelter they rejoic'd to gain, when flying
from the Viking.
-

XXIX

If one could but like the blubber,
And the train-oil, and the snow,
And a bed of Indian-rubber
With some scented Esquimaux,
One would gladly watch the aurora,
And the walruses and seals,
Far beyond the realms of Flora
Where the white-bear takes his meals.

1. Eastern Prince whom Moore records
2. In a harmony of words.
3. Scrambling here you'll break your neck ;
Robbing choughs' nests needs a check.

4. In this southern isle must be
The cream of good *society* ;
5. But if you wish for blue, you know,
To western regions you must go.
6. Here a full stop I cannot make,
So for the time my leave I take.



XXX

Heavy lies it, still and lone,
Telling of a life-time done—
Telling of a weariness—
Tired hearts that nought can bless.

Word that now has little meaning
Left without the above beginning,
But the two together taken
Thoughts of busy life awaken,
From the First the silence shaken.
When to link themselves they meet,
Roll and rush and busy feet
Stun the ears—the senses greet.

-
1. Sometimes sour and sometimes sweet—
Dress'd or undress'd, good to eat.
 2. Athanasian sentence dire!—
Save us from such bolt of fire!

3. Very dull and very flat,
 4. But a mason without that,
Or a carpenter, I think,
Would below it quickly sink.
-

XXXI

In this peculiar field of fame
Has Gladstone, Bismarck, Prussia's King
Each won a memorable name
For skilful disestablishing.
And one of these yet more has done
In robbing Peter, Paul to pay,'
Yet fails to reconcile the one,
Or 'thank you,' make the other say.

1. The greenest isle that foot has trod
Seems spoil'd like youth without the rod.
2. Of this Italian's deed of shame

3. When tidings to our country came
We little thought how soon the same
Would darken a yet nearer name,
Nor presag'd aught of Clerkenwell,
The mayor of Cork, or O'Farréll.
4. We've ceas'd to strive with flame and sword
To make our sovereign rule abhorr'd,
Yet ruffians brood o'er fancied ill,
5. And rouse our wrath by outrage still ;
6. Nor weapon of the bold and brave
From the assassin's blow can save.
7. Oh, Muse of History! close thine eyes,
8. Confess not these iniquities ;
9. T. Moore, who cast such glamour o'er them,
If living, could but now deplore them,
10. 11. And only view his 'sea-girt gem,'
Once bright in Fancy's diadem,
12. With shades of evening gather'd o'er,
And sunk in darkness evermore.

XXXII

Less fierce the storm that thunders o'er us
Than passions which within us rage,
Where guilt, remorse, or anger's madness,
In hearts unrul'd their warfare wage.

'Hark ! he answers !—Wild tornadoes
'Are the voice in which he speaks,'
When the blast of circling whirlwind
'Strews the sea' with foundering 'wrecks.'

1. 'Through many a burning clime unhurt' I
pass'd,
2. Yet must the everlasting come at last.
3. The winds and waves made solemn melody
4. O'er 'many a gem serene' beneath the sea,
5. And over many a tender bud half form'd,
6. Ne'er by the Day-star's eye to blossom
warm'd.
7. Too deep to feel the ocean's ebb and flow,
Or aught of whirlwind blast or storm to know.

XXXIII

However just the impost,
'Tis deem'd an imposition,
And those who reap the benefit
Are voted to perdition.

The levying may be needful,
But grudgingly men pay them ;
They like to enjoy the advantages
If others will defray them.

-
1. Either meet the infliction or bear an eviction.
 2. That angel Miss Coutts digs up by the roots,
And turns to good uses our social abuses.
 3. Whilst this impost the poor she helps to
endure,
 4. She strives to redress what a fair ancestress
 5. On her children entail'd ; and no blessing has
fail'd
That her brave, generous hand has shower'd
o'er the land.

XXXIV

‘The more it is beaten the better it be,’
Is a cruel old proverb’s pert irony,
Made to malign the name and the nature
Of more than one faithful and suffering creature.
Mere fashion is mostly the thing they call
 beauty,
And strangely ’tis priz’d beyond goodness and
 duty.
The First is by ladies the prettier reckon’d,
But more worthy in men’s estimation the Second ;
Sharper he is in his brain and his features,
More fear’d and respected by mischievous crea-
 tures,
But both are found useful, and loving, and
 clever,
And merit man’s kindness and patience for ever.

1. This you 're help'd to direct by one of these
two.
2. I hope you are better since kissing his shoe.
3. You will have to wait patiently for my reply—
4. And not either of these will I stoop to deny.
5. A tribe of old Britons in ages gone by.
6. 'Come o'er the sea, maiden, with me'
7. To the land where the stealthy Hindoo can
rove free.



XXXV

One is a tickling of the brain,
The other of the throat.
One to the mind doth appertain,
One doth no mind denote.
In form spasmodic and unruly,
True feeling each expresses truly.

1. It tells of golden 'treasure trove.'
2. A Tuscan stream which poets love.
3. A letter meet for you, not me.
4. A monster of celebrity.
5. A stillness falls o'er all the riot,
And e'en the children's tongues grow quiet.



XXXVI

Some gain their living by this way,
Some gain it by another—
The First may thrive and find it pay,
Small pittance gives the other.
The First doth promise elevation,
The Second barely saves starvation.

1. This, the one teaches, but the other bears.
2. Each knows its own though veil'd by smiles
or tears.
3. This, even Alpine tourists fail to spoil
4. Where Freedom's tree strikes deep beneath
the soil.
5. Given out through iron, or through earthen-
ware,
6. Home-like it sounds, though but the name be
there.

XXXVII

Mythic heroes, iron-hearted,
Robber sea-kings, fear'd no more—
Thor, Valhalla, all departed—
Only sung in northern lore.

Gentle breath of infant sleeping—
Soft waves breaking on the shore—
Lyric numbers measure keeping,
Rising, falling evermore.

1. Keep them still in memory,
2. They below the surface lie.
3. Norse-men love their country's stories—
Legends of departed glories.
4. In whatever form of speech
These wild sagas men may teach.
5. *He* was a reality,
Ruling Britain's land and sea
With small love or fealty.

XXXVIII

A place is my First
Where my Second is nurst,
And oft when united
To court we 're invited.

1. You may pout if you will,
2. Too human to kill.
3. Your voice is so shrill—
Will it never be still?



XXXIX

Man's life most surely is my First,
My Second it might be
But for the follies, faults, and griefs
Of poor humanity.

1. In others we're too prone to mind them,
E'en in the sun we try to find them.
2. To tear, not heal, is my sole mission,
3. Truly a singular condition !
4. Yet would I fain lift up the lowly,
5. And snatch them from a place unholy.



XL

Erected by man's toiling hands
 'Neath northern skies—in southern climes
For sacred aims—for war's demands,
 In older or in later times.
Dissolv'd in ages long ago,
 Or veil'd by mists of gather'd years,
It lives but as a dream of woe—
 A name of judgment to our ears.
These two together would aspire
High as the Pyramids and higher,
Had man's ambition but succeeded,
Or better still, had died unheeded,
Max Müller's brains had not been needed.

-
1. Unto my First there 'hangs a tale,'
 And where its offices shall fail
 'No luck' can in that house prevail.
 2. She learnt no English in her day,
 And so in Latin still they say
 'Mary Madonna, for us pray.'

3. Wife with trust and patience holy,
Weave it deftly, weave it slowly—
He will not deceive thee wholly—
 4. He the mountain heights can dare,
He can meet the noontide's glare,
 5. But molest his liberty,
And a Fenian he will be,
-

XLI

'There is never a fire without smoke,' it is said,
And a way is convenient by which it is sped.
Employed by my First is my Second, and hidden,
Whilst one of its forms has by law been forbidden,
Still at many a turn in your course it will meet you,
Throw dust in your face, and make pity defeat you.

1. Can you that street pass over ?
2. Prepare this field for clover.

3. How stiff and hard it makes it!
 4. They'll nibble till they break it.
 5. I'm tir'd, and fain would take it.
 6. At vespers they will find her,
 7. And in twelve months they'll bind her.
-

XLII

My First, we'll 'call her fair' and 'pale,'
My Second is her pendant,
But when my First her face doth veil,
She loses her attendant.

1. Aught more unlike my whole could never be,
Than is this First in its wild revelry.
2. The next has oft been breath'd by moon-
struck heart,
Both to my whole, and to each separate part.
3. My Third, a famine-stricken scene of woe—
4. My Fourth, old wives and doctors best bestow.

XLIH

Very useful, very strong,
Often harmful, often wrong.
Pleasant to the eye my Second,
Cooling and refreshing reckon'd.
First and Second go together—
Better separate in hot weather.

1. A taste that Virgil well was vers'd in.
2. The land of Moab I was nurs'd in.
3. I'm found in bottle and in barrel.
4. A meddler in the Trojan quarrel.
5. A boy in puddle—girl in learning—
6. Alas! I'm year by year returning.



XLIV

My First a creature vile—its sequence is my
Second,
If you endure us patiently, like Job you may be
reckon'd.

1. A well wherein we hide a mind's reminder.
2. A tower in Spezzia's gulf, which poets seek.
3. Graceful she quits the stage—and who shall
find her?
4. Much of my Fourth could Israel's warriors
speak.



XLV

One 'charms the sense,' and one informs the
mind,
'Life's body' one is figur'd, one 'its soul.'
Unmeasur'd words man wearisome did find,
And from Olympian gods 'their language
stole.'

1. We pass this town, once wasted and forlorn,
In journeying to the fatal Matterhorn.
2. Still hard-boil'd Paschal eggs are eaten there.
3. 'Tut ! I have lost myself, I am not here,'
Myself 'this is not, he's some other where.'
4. They breathe the air of liberty in vain,
5. 'No more through rolling clouds to soar again.'

XLVI

'Flames wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.'

'The timid shriek'd, the brave were still,
The terror wildly rose—
Horror the boldest hearts did fill,
And fear my vitals froze.'

-
1. This 'jangling Jaye' is said 'to discommend'
That which himself lacks brains to comprehend.
 2. 'Gone' in that frenzy, was his 'occupation.'
 3. Breathless she seem'd and still, 'with adoration.'
 4. 'This virtue' to the injur'd doth belong,
'But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.'

5. Forfeit 'to life and use and name and fame.'
6. Years 'cannot wither her nor custom tame.'
7. Instead of son shall be the father's sire.
8. Destruction onward drives her steeds of fire.
9. Not all the perfume of that odorous land
10. Can purify the despot's crime-stain'd hand.
11. Faithful to David in extremity,
12. As the great river's water to the sea,
13. And to his sins, this seer's sincerity.



XLVII

For errands, for work, for a shooting excursion,
Most useful I always have been.
I hang on a tree for a squirrel's diversion,
In a chest I am found or machine,
And you 'll trace in the First and the Second
united,
Of the latter a species too good to be slighted.

1. A hero of Bunyan, adventurous and tough.
2. Of a Frenchman demented, two-thirds are
enough.
3. A guard and defence when the pathway is
rough.



XLVIII

The name and surname of an Eastern beauty,
Of whom a British bard has sung the fame,
Who found, to her surprise, that love and duty,
When seeming all oppos'd, were but the same.

1. A bishop, victim of Rome's burning hate,
Who in a shroud and bonfire met his fate.
2. A busy little creature o'er the sea,
Deftly mail-clad in nature's armoury.
3. 'Ave Maria !' hast thou ceas'd to care
For thine own shrine of legend, vow, and
prayer ?
4. Sweet is the song of thy captivity,
But sweeter far thy freedom's note on high.
5. Queen or the tiger heart and murd'rous hand,
Thy fate wrought blessing unto Judah's land.

XLIX

My First on its own understanding stands,
My Second on the other's—
The First may be applied to many lands,
The next the other covers.
Economy, statistics, legislation,
The First have useful reckon'd ;
For hiding, ornamenting preservation,
Essential is the Second.
The one the chief, the servant one, you find
them,
The chief would disappear if you combined them.

1. 'Twill give you courage if you 'll try it,
And strength, if fairly you 'll apply it.
2. A victim this of man's first sinning,
Not long beyond the world's beginning.
3. Napoleon's arm began to yield
Its strength upon this battle-field.

4. You hardly know where it begins,
Yet through all space its way it wins,
 5. And round this globe in some brief hours,
Its glory sweeps—its radiance pours.
-

L

A band of wild musicians, with bagpipes, horn,
and flute,
Whose joy is stormy melody, who scorn both
harp and lute.
'Tis said a lady rules them, I don't believe 'tis
true,
For never was there a less rul'd, or more unruly
crew.
Both passionate and wilful, yet oft to service
bound,
And under protest fierce and strong, most ser-
viceable found.

1. Initials of a poet, deep, grave, yet like a child.
2. A mountain rich in legends, maternal some-
times styl'd.

-
3. From two, select one syllable of what may
grow a nun.
 4. You often guide two horses more steadily
than one.
 5. If you have them use them well, for easily
they're lost,
And fumes of smoke and alcohol have many
a good brain cost.



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- other,
 - nation.
 - any other,
 - nation.

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4. You may not know it, but you 're this
When you at others' follies hiss.
 5. A Saxon Christian-name of glory,
In Lutheran strife, in German story.
 6. Her children strangely shrink and mourn,
When to her bosom they return.
-

LII

My First stands on a single leg,
By twain distinguish'd is the other ;
But better far the lonely peg
Than link of Siamese twin-brother.

1. If you will not come in you may stay where
you are.
2. If the 'pen' is not wide enough, jump o'er
the bar,
3. And the fame of the feat will reverberate far.

LIII

Triple.

Between them is no link,
To boil, to eat, to drink,
Is all they do or think.

1. Knight Companion of the Bath.
2. Muse oppos'd to hate and wrath.
3. A merry 'little thing that hops.'
4. What schoolboys buy in pastry shops.
5. Recent geologist and knight,
6. Who spares no cost to bring to light
Earth's wonders hidden out of sight.



LIV

Two men who by one duel thought
Two lands, two creeds to settle,
But somehow could not manage it,
Though both of sovereign mettle.
Truth shineth fair, and honour bright,
Alike in prince and peasant,
And hearts may strive for faith and right,
Beneath both cross and crescent.

1. They with each other vied in doughty deeds ;
2. This isle's rich grapes perhaps supplied their
needs.
3. The chiefs for war's debates oft gathering,
Were apt to find their words more like the
sting
4. Of bees upon these slopes, thyme-clad and
sunny,
Than sweet and balmy, like its classic honey.

5. But those parch'd plains might make e'en
 knighthood teazy,
 With throats malaria-fill'd, and minds uneasy ;
6. None near like Parma's fever-skill'd physician,
 Charg'd with Judæa's sanitary mission,
7. And who to desiccate the lands might try,
 If only he could find a bog to dry.



LV

He barks, they say, but does not mean to bite,
He growls and roars, but soon is pacified;
Generous and kindly when he has his right,
Savage to drive, but docile if you guide.
One thought to train him, but a dead lock came,
'Twas all in vain that round and round he
spun;
'Insoluble' he then pronounc'd the game,
And to the other side he 'cut and run.'

-
1. Like one of his own race's seers,
A poem he might write in tears.
 2. John Bull loves not such plans as his,
For riddance of his enemies ;
 3. Yet often by a sibillation,
He testifies his indignation.
Disraeli needed an adviser,
 4. As old as this and even wiser,
Ere 'in the dark he made his leap,'
 5. And from the jars the lids did sweep,

And let out Roughs and beer-imbibers,
To give their votes to highest bribers.

6. No judge, in case of arbitration,
 7. Could fix a stage of equalisation.
 8. We 'll hope the 'genius' of the place
Will teach respect for chair and mace,
And silence, courtesy, and grace.
-

LVI

Pledge of a vow that false may prove.
Pattern of constancy and love.
One is the other's chief adorning,
My whole has one sweet song of mourning.

1. If 'fools' might share such penalty
In this our day, few backs were free,
(Racecourse and gambling annals see.)
2. An architect who won some fame,
Bore this not common Christian name.

3. First syllable I offer you
Of word that tells of something new,
 4. Though fashion no great change demands,
In dainty case for lady's hands.
-

LVII

'Oh! leave me to my sorrow,
For my heart is oppress'd to-day ;
Oh! leave me, and to-morrow'
Your merriment I'll borrow,
And strive to look less gray.

1. That ditty I object to sing.
2. A pleasant scent of flowers you bring.
3. Between a morn and eve of spring.

LVIII

My First a bad example is to mothers,
But serves the fashionable taste of others ;
In Nubian sands she profits by the sun,
And like the wind she speeds, pursuit to shun.

My Second makes the way at court, I hear,
For birds who like in borrow'd plumes t' appear ;
Bright, playful, buoyant, through the air it flies,
Glistening in sunlight with a thousand dyes.

1. A northern name, well known in storied crime.
 2. The height to which a curate's wishes climb.
 3. Shining with feathers on a lady's head.
 4. Small quadrupeds, destructive and ill-bred.
 5. A measure and a name of British Isles.
 6. Through every zone, home on the wanderer
smiles,
 7. And hope of port at last, his way beguiles.
-

LIX

Two of four elements needful for giving
To all living things the means of on-living ;
Healthy labour for organis'd matter providing,
And to things that live not, the means of safe
hiding.

1. I throw to the wind
Whatever could bind.
2. Man's greatness grows frantic
Beyond the Atlantic.
3. He claims, as his due,
To rule o'er these two,
Though the proverb be true,
4. That for no man I wait,
Or my paces abate ;
5. Nor the sands in the glass,
Leave to pause as they pass.

LX

One is, 'I will'—the other, 'I won't,'
And they say 'it shall be,' though you like it,
don't.

1. Beneath his smiles he yet this wretch may
2. In Ardennes' glades he found his destiny.
3. The nearer truth, the greater its offence.
4. There shone in it the soul's intelligence.
5. From mid-day 'unto eve,' oh, what a fall !
6. 'Tis not in mortals to command' at all.



LXI

Triple.

Three flowers, all 'watchers of the skies,'
Two of the number stately rise,
The Second gayest of them all,
Doth richly glow, and swiftly fall.

1. Blow from the softest quarter, gentle wind.
2. This bivalve in fresh water you will find.
3. Scott makes this hero's fortunes a romance.
4. It fed the fire rais'd by her kindling glance.
5. More 'crimes committed in thy name' we see
6. Than by a host of aristocracy.
7. Amongst time's epochs will this battle live.
8. A momentary thought such shock can give.
9. This name of harsh ton'd consonants combin'd,
On quiet plains of Holland we shall find.

LXII

If my debts I cannot settle,
I've no right to boil my kettle ;
Though slow progress I may make,
Fain would I the right path take.
Better in my course arrested,
Than by creditors infested.

1. Mirth 'in its sails,' and pleasure 'at its helm,'
2. Until this sentence all shall overwhelm ;
3. Then, when the day is gone, there comes to-morrow,
The pleasure past, and only left the sorrow.



LXIII

Nought, from the cradle to the grave
Can man from one condition save,
Whether he have the Atlantic cross'd,
Or on the Red Sea groan'd and toss'd,
Or trudg'd with 'scrip and staff' to Rome,
Or spent his quiet life at home,
Such is his character and doom.

The poet tells a startling truth,
Subversive of the place which youth
Is commonly suppos'd to hold
In just relation to the old ;
And in his deep philosophy
Sons, parents of their sires, we see.
Yet in that word he 'bateth nought
Of reverence due in deed and thought
From youth to age,—the offering,
Hearts tun'd aright must ever bring.

-
1. He sits upon his seven-hill'd throne,
And sends his bolts from zone to zone.
-

2. This vine-clad island owns his sway,
Though Bomba's rule has pass'd away,
3. And blinds are open'd to the day.
4. Of this tribe's spirit much they bore,
In exile to New England's shore.
5. Stern to refuse what priests adore.
6. As idol-worshipper rejected
Whoever grace and art respected,
And in religious rites their eyes
7. Beheld a Popish sacrifice.



LXIV

'Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,'
Of starry gems a bounteous shower,
Which Nature's hand is widely flinging
O'er hill and dale, for childhood's stringing.

A fetter and a weight, from those we love,
'Lengthen'd' and heavier still, at each remove,
'It darkly binds,' yet sets the spirit free,
By touch of 'thought's' own electricity.

-
1. I twist round a baby in order to find
The last letter in front and the former behind ;
 2. I hang up its cradle to rock in the tree
 3. No *scrap* of whose roots in a garden should be.
The soldiers committed (as martyrs to glory)
 4. To Turkish infirmary, liked a long story ;
 5. But in our busy life, if indeed you must spin it,
For patience' sake finish, and don't re-begin it.

LXV

If your clothes you should tear, beyond all repair,
I think there's a fair, in London somewhere,
For disposal express, of fragments of dress,
And a priest's tatter'd vest has been found in
request.

This the sportsman requires—it the wayfarer
tires ;
Though borne by our sires, no artist admires,
The busy bee uses, the schoolboy abuses,
It aids industry, and it means robbery.

1. Better his purse than his good name.
2. This Spaniard lost *his* without shame,
Who, legends tell, to England came,
And at a royal bridal feasting,
3. Met Guildhall's giant there assisting.

LXVI

Both are useful—both are homely,
Sometimes even bright and comely ;
One, on feeding mostly bent,
One, a guard and ornament.

1. Call it rubbish if you will,
Good you oft may find it still,
2. Not a dwelling-place without it ;
3. You may ask the sea about it,
With its 'flotsems,' waifs and strays,
4. Leaving not one empty place,
5. Though a doorway to their caves,
Fishes find, where coral paves
6. Nether realms beneath the waves.

LXVII

The mind I satisfy,
The ear I gratify.

1. Napoleon here was check'd at last.
2. The stream roll'd onward fierce and fast.
3. A queen whose wise and powerful reign
4. Acquired such attribute for Spain.
5. This warrior-name her grandson gain'd,
Unmindful of the grief that stain'd
6. His laurels from the orphans' eyes,
Which wept his 'glorious victories.'



LXVIII

Some say his character and name
Bespeak his mind and deeds the same,
And that his language and his life
Throw light on the arena's strife.

Some say the second term displays
His influence o'er these evil days,
With right and justice overthrown,
Oaths broken, and faith trampled down ;
At best they grant him this small grace,
' The wrong man filling the wrong place,'
His brightness dimm'd by courtly dress,
And blind to his own wretchedness.

-
1. If this you should give, he'll return you a
harder.
 2. They settle endowments like thief in a
larder.

-
3. We strive to allay our displeasure and wrath
 4. By hobgoblin promis'd to rise in their path,
But little they care who are left in the lurch,
 5. Or what wasting and spoiling are wrought in
the church ;
 6. And if we may venture the fact to assert,
Like sentence from England no power can
avert.



LXIX

Celestial is its native seat,
It warms in cold, it cools in heat,
Soothing to some, to some exciting,
But chiefly ancient dames delighting.
The Second once might rightly claim
Exalted origin the same,
When first, of dainty form and hue,
In cabinets of ormolu,
'Twas deem'd a treasure of virtù ;
But in these equalizing days
Nothing more common meets your gaze ;
The First and Second still, however,
Relation hold that will not sever.

1. Can anything more dolorous be
In quivering nerves' perplexity ?
Yet worse this patriarch had to fret him
When mother, brother, wives, beset him,
And self-reproach yet sharper, sadder,
With sting like that of Egypt's adder.

LXX

'Behold, fond man! thy pictur'd life see here,'
Each part within the circle of the year.

No other 'than a woman's yes, or no—
I think him so because I think him so.'

1. For the ev'ning warmth and flowers
Spring unlocks the leafy bowers.

'She was a phantom of delight,'

2. That dawn'd upon my gladden'd sight,
3. Welcome as when the 'rosy morn'
Doth 'o'er the eastern hills' return
4. To quench the lamps which nightly burn ;

Nature in each fair rotation

5. Works no supererogation,
6. Even to man's hallucination.

LXXI

I 'll bite you, I 'll spite you,
I 'll tease you, I 'll freeze you,
I 'll hold you, I 'll mould you,
I 'll catch you—despatch you ;
Though I shorten your living,
An endless sleep giving,
You will find me delaying
Your rapid decaying.

I 'll roast you, I 'll toast you,
I 'll light you, I 'll fright you,
I 'll warm you, I 'll charm you,
I 'll grill you, I 'll thrill you,
I 'll smite you—excite you ;
To ashes returning
I 'll help you by burning.
I 'm no cool deceiver,
I live in a fever.

-
1. Musical the lamentation,
 2. Lonely its signification.

3. Lukewarm that church membership,
Service less of heart than lip.
 4. Giving what they ow'd the slip.
-

LXXII

Look on it 'tenderly,'
Watch 'it with care,'
'Fashion'd so slenderly,'
Agile and spare.

In deep tangled thicket
Beware how you go,
'Midst the brambles above,
And the adders below.

1. A stealthy blow is like a viper's sting.
2. Well that the unhappy, brain-bewilder'd king
3. Was 'turn'd to grass' upon his own domains,
And not on Afric's serpent-haunted plains :
For self-defence long nails are not enough,

4. Such reptiles would require a blow of hoof.
5. And in his banishment from human kind
More troubles needed not that wandering
mind.

LXXIII

Triple.

My Third is mostly needed
My First to appropriate,
But when you have succeeded
A stab may be your fate ;
Then one of many uses
My Second doth present,
With water it produces
The best medicament.

-
1. *Will* men stay their explorations,
And let Father Nile flow on,
Sick with doubts and speculations
On the fate of Livingstone ?

2. Brave he was to go re-seeking
3. In that district far away,
Where, his counsel silent keeping,
Lake Nyanza's wavelets play ;

Where the skins of chiefs barbaric,
And their heads arrang'd with care,
4. Vie with dark-hued furs Tartaric,
Guarding hands of ladies fair.

Search in cloud-land and moon-mountain,
Far above the plains of earth,
Not in single source or fountain,
5. Offering meet for such a birth.



LXXIV

That tells of victory and defeat,
This of a well-plann'd battle field ;
' Few, few may part where many meet,'
But here they need no ' winding sheet.'
Since all are spar'd who meekly yield,
They live to fight again.

Not by brute force or monarch's will
Is warfare wag'd in modern days,
When science, forethought, plan, and skill
Can more than valour save or kill ;
Man's brain a rifle's power outweighs—
Here peace in strife can reign.

-
1. By sailors suppos'd 'to watch over Jack's
life.'
 2. Such may be a brave man whilst shrinking
from strife—
 3. Bless'd age when the tumult of battle is o'er,

4. When bloodshed and cruelty man shall deplore,
 5. And the safely sheath'd weapon be wielded no more.
-

LXXV

One of the awful wonders of the world—
Trust it, and to destruction you are hurl'd.
Outburst of nature, fierce and passionate—
What hand can stem it, or what power abate ?

1. 'Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale.'
 2. On Peru's coast you'll find the town,
If earthquakes have not thrown it down.
 3. Nature in boiling wrath would seem
 4. To need this outlet for her steam.
- The 'voiceless torrent' speech has found.

-
5. The 'unmoving cataract' with a bound
 6. Descends, and hurls destruction round,
 - 7. Where not e'en painter's eye could trace
One gentler line of nature's face.



LXXVI

We're supplied by the Dryads of pine-scented woods.

We're essential to vessels which sail on the floods.

We're sailors—we're painters. The fifth of November

Without us the school-boy might fail to remember.

We're a pair just alike in our essence and nature,
Our service, our objects, and our nomenclature ;

Apart—or on land—or on sea—in all weather
We are 'jolly good fellows'—but catch us together !

All comfort and peace turn to scolding and strife,

And our name and our nature the plague of man's life.

1. The top of a tower is my post of command.
2. At the head of a troop of old Grecians I stand.

3. But we may not forget the Gunpowder Plot,
Though if fiction or truth, yet decided 'tis
not.
-

LXXVII

My First should keep behind its betters,
Yet in the front 'tis always found,
Useful to carry thieves and letters,
And guard the land when foes abound.

My Second comforts the complexion,
And helps the farmer's sacks to fill,
To chaff evincing strong objection,
Yet serves a lady's flippant will.

1. A Frenchman's temper quick and ready.
2. She made poor Pætus strong and steady,
Though modern wisdom hunts to death
3. Each legend heard in childhood's faith.

LXXVIII

Our father Adam ne'er was this,
And Eden had a happy miss
Of creature to disturb its quiet
By mischief, havoc, noise, and riot.
Lord Byron writes, ' who would not be
This animal ? ' but then you see
There's fiction in his poesy—
Besides, more easy 'tis to be it
Than, as the Scotch would say, ' to dree it.'

' A pendulum,' the poet sings,
' Between a smile and tear ' that swings.
Biped, abnormal, and mammalian—
In form and attributes Dædalian—
A beggar, nabob, fool, and knave,
A worm, philosopher, and slave,
In which epitome we find
' The proper study of mankind.'

1. Strangely reprov'd in ways perverse,
Constrain'd to bless instead of curse.
2. A much enduring Roman wife,
Patient through cold neglect and strife.
3. Expression of a weary mind,
Or frame to labour disinclined.



LXXIX

Why hast thou that indigo nose, 'Gaffer Gray?'
And 'why dost thou shiver and shake' so to-
day?
And why is thy tongue like a clapper still
swinging?
To scold at the weather when violets are
springing,
And each bending stem its own sweet chimes is
ringing,
And the woodlands are glowing with soft tinted
flowers
Which reflect the sky's hue round the leaf-bud-
ding bowers.

1. You may find it in glass, in the earth, and
above it,
And by science and art you may often im-
prove it.

-
2. 'Tis a 'tisane' in fevers, to moisten the skin,
And in summer time sweetly it perfumes
Berlin.
 3. More safe 'tis to mount an ascent than run
down ;
 4. Such tidings fly faster than virtue's renown.
-

LXXX

My First is but a mockery,
As 'twere a hollow suit
Of clothes without a body,
Or like the Dead Sea's fruit.

My Second hates all counterfeit,
'Tis good and sound at heart,
Faithful as needle to the pole,
And clear in every part.

1. Eyes whose glance is turn'd askance.
2. Ever bright as morning light.
3. This farewell is like a knell.
4. The truly wed are such till dead.

LXXXI

My First on my Second depends for supply,
When the vein of ore ceases the fountain is dry.

We should dig up the root the evil to quell,
But the last is still lov'd if the former it swell.

1. In 'land where it seems always afternoon.'
2. If we unravel all that has been done,
3. The loss will not be easy to replace,
4. Nor to renew the marble you deface,
5. Nor carving of this dark, hard, wooden case.



LXXXII

A gentle polish this, and freshness brings
To the most perfect of all coverings.

1. From one of the above you 'll make them.
2. The birds unto its boughs betake them.
3. The best defence the accus'd can make.
4. Needful whatever way you take.



LXXXIII

Lands must have laws—perhaps they might be
mended,

But without these no man could hold his own
Where, e'en by titles and good deeds defended,
Justice is set at nought and right o'erthrown.

Life must have laws—surrounding it and guard-
ing,

E'en in an ' Isle of Saints ' dire is their need—
Where still the sneaking savage lurks, discarding
Aught save revenge, with bullets for his creed.

1. Were this sentence pronounc'd on thy felons,
oh Erin !

By priests who, reproving thy crimes were
sincere in,

2. No more would thy green fields be stain'd
and polluted

3. By deeds without pity, by vengeance deep
rooted.
-

-
4. This curse on assassins made solemn and
sure,
 5. Though steel'd to remorse, they would dread
to endure.
 6. Are murder and treachery born of the soil?
All honour and faith of their beauty to spoil
 7. By fruits that Albania's tyrant might shame,
 8. Corrupting a people, and darkening its name.



LXXXIV

When the joy-bells loud are ringing
Hear you not an under-tone ?
Murmur low of doubts upspring
Towards a future still unknown ?
Merrily each missile flying
Promises a future fair ;
May no presage, hope belying,
Sorrow to the plighted bear.

1. They saw the deed was rightly sign'd
2. Which to the heirs the land should bind.
3. Small lake not far from Afric's heart,
You 'll find it noticed in the chart.
4. But if of depth profound I know not,
For with sprain'd foot so far I go not,
5. Though but the upper part is ailing,
And for a tour I like the sailing
6. Upon a grand Egyptian river,
7. Where no ice masses make one shiver.

LXXXV

As darkness is of light a contradiction,
So is it with these two ;
The First is ever serving an ' eviction '
On what is right and true ;
And earnestly the Second ever seeketh
The First to overcome ;
Milton's chief hero on this subject speaketh,
When choosing his own doom.
Now to his friends he gives distorted vision,
In its perversion strong,
To claim for these two a revers'd decision,
Turning the right to wrong.

1. Ever the right way mistaking.
2. On a crater's brink awaking.
3. Entering all unknown, his pride,
4. Name, and lordship cast aside.

LXXXVI

‘Look not,’ it is said, ‘on the wine when red.’
But this favourite word with a singing bird
Is all opposition to such prohibition.
By school-boys my Second is lawful slang
 reckon’d.
Of crystal it may be, or pottery homely,
Of silver—of gold—and of use manifold.

1. This bold presumptuous king
 Deserv’d a withering.
2. A sound *you* cannot hate
 Of vowel duplicate
 This next may designate.
3. When this sounds from below,
 To dinner you may go.

LXXXVII

He sits in the corner and watches the strings,
And if anything shakes them, just see how he
springs !

An artifice skilful in tissues of air,
Of delicate fabric that fairies might wear.

1. In these days of progression a woman will
fight
Against female suppression and unequal right.
2. Initials, an order for money preceding.
3. Thus a burying-beetle provides for his feeding.
4. Liquid gems of the purest have sprinkled it
o'er,
5. But at noon they are gone, and at sunset, no
more,
6. The heat of the day steals the bright jewell'd
store.

LXXXVIII

A very rich mysterious production,
Most priz'd by those most bent on its destruction.
'Ye pleasant homes of England,' much you owe
To this good gift of help to man below.
Without it enterprises great must cease,
And Britain's sons and sway find swift decrease.

When men love wine and 'liquid fire' to drink,
They care not of the poison much to think ;
And when our feet and finger-ends we warm,
We take small thought of what the flames may
harm.

Alas ! our present self, and bread well toasted,
Have more importance than a martyr roasted.

-
1. The cormorant chose this for her nest.
 2. A river in the far north-west,
 3. At world-wide distance from Cashmere,
 4. Where my last sooth'd the monarch's ear.

LXXXIX

Fictions that teach are truths which reach
Some depth of human need ;
A parable will often tell,
Where sermons vainly plead.

I don't know why this gem should lie
Deep hidden from our eyes,
Since, brought to light, it puts to flight
The very Prince of lies.

-
1. From under its boughs 'I heard a low moaning,'
 2. As I quietly sat in this green shade 'intoning,'
 3. And wondering the while if the French satirist
 4. Recover'd the thread that he left in the mist.
 5. In our Pope we have what 'is as good as a feast,'
And we won't cross the Channel to have it increas'd.

XC

Whate'er material may sever,
Approaching, or divided far,
Apart the twain must dwell for ever,
Antipodes they surely are.
Each is the other's termination,
Each most important in its place ;
The one is high in estimation,
The other somewhat in disgrace.

1. Silently 'tis understood.
2. Call'd a lake ? this mighty flood !
3. Show us that your cause is good.



XCI

He may be honest for his conscience' easing,
But as the miller said, 'tis by tight squeezing.'
To tell 'the whole truth' is not his vocation,
To trace dark windings is his recreation.
Whilst his superiors instructing, guiding,
His duty lies in facts and justice hiding.
'Beggars my neighbour,' is the game he teaches;
Beggars myself, the end such pastime reaches.
If but one golden rule by man were gone by,
The law divine to do as he'd be done by,
This artist's skill would never more be needed—
His art, his occupation, superseded.

Brief is his life, and brief should be his glory,
Yet is his oftentimes a lengthy story,
Spun out of every slip and weakness human,
And wrought of flaws and feuds of man and
woman.

To show that worst is best, heart, soul, he
moveth,
That wrong is right, and evil good, he proveth,

His being and identity one-sided,
A learned leader, wilfully misguided.
Fictions and facts to twist, a skill'd tactician,
Of fluent speech, an excellent logician,
His art, to blind—to mystify, his mission.

1. 'Tis needed often in this smoke-fill'd air.
2. Sweet is the music here, too noisy there.
3. I'll write it if you'll tell me why and where.
4. A plotter never should be made a primate.
5. Its condiment is better than its climate.
6. Small classic stream it lives, dies when a
greater.
7. Of flood, or fire, its source a swamp or crater.
8. With this poetic eulogy to blind us,
9. No more memorial need we to remind us.

XCII

My First like a staff has been call'd, but 'tis by a
figure of speech ;
My Second o'erspreads it, and sometimes has
kept it almost out of reach.
One is yielding and supple and tender, the other
ill-natur'd and gruff ;
One soothes, and restores, and sustains, the other
is rasping and rough.

1. An evil French writer, who merits a whipping
2. Far more than the burglar your plate-chest
for stripping.
3. Fleet-footed, and more like a camel than bird.
4. An obstinate creature, not easily stirr'd ;
Should his voice be too loud, you must hold
down his tail.
5. If I cannot meet this, I suppose I must fail.

XCIII

His was a grand ancestral name—
It shines from out the rolls of fame
Down the far vista'd years.
Another name of times long past,
Which also lives, but overcast
By passion, fraud, and tears.

The First was strong in sacrifice,
In faith and in obedience wise,—
He stands alone for ever.
The spirit of the world, in strife
Cold, hard, and dry, has grown—such life
Can be repeated never.

The other, born of lineage high,
And chosen for a destiny
Of noble Motherhood,
Through years of grief and parted love,
Was doom'd the bitterness to prove
Of right and truth withstood.

1. Mysterious promise here is given
Of portal opening hope and heaven.
2. A slaughtering weapon from the dead,
Into a drinking fountain made.
3. This sober man, and each descendant,
Of alcohol liv'd independent.
4. Sweet-scented fruit, whose hue of gold
Tempt school-boys now as tastes of old.
5. The prophet on his watch-tower stood,
And found the loss of all things good ;
6. Whilst Judah's king with 'perfect heart,'
Mourn'd when he felt his strength depart ;
7. And greater still the tribes' distress,
When doom'd to draughts of bitterness.



XCIV

A great Seceder,
Of flocks a Feeder.

1. Mind how you take it in the dark
2. Near one who was in Noah's ark,
Whose name amongst the stars you mark,
And now dwells in the Regent's Park.
3. Not thrown aloft in hate or jest,
4. But tightly to his 'throbbing breast'
His friends and enemies are press'd.
5. His voice, in loud reverberation,
May oft be heard with trepidation,
6. By brigand in his night's vocation.



XCV

Locomotive and buoyant, light-minded and
hollow—

Unsteadfast—obedient—before and to follow—
By whatsoe'er name to distinguish it noted,
Tho' a fable and jest by Colenso 'tis voted,
'Tis the earliest carriage in history quoted.

The rush of a stream—a condition of life—
A meeting—a passing—a contest—a strife
Amongst children and beasts, amongst wise men
and fools,
To the maddening of brains, to the damage of
skulls.

-
1. Let us choose this, lest worse should us
befall :
 2. It is—it is the last ! the end of all !
 3. Excursion only tempting in fair weather,
 4. When tide and leisure favour us together.

XCVI

Triple.

Its pace, I think, will suit you—
Its greenness will recruit you—
Take care it does not shoot you.

1. In this case art is needed your dinner
2. And blame will not reach you
counterfeit;
3. Whilst this nostrum will help you
Kalydor,
4. And your teeth will from sugar
almonds restore.



XCVII

The Second a drummer,
The First is a spy ;
Through earth and the heavens
Their calling they ply ;
Yet the deeds of the First
Shall be brought to the light,
Whilst the Second needs airing,
Yet works out of sight.
One a quiet observer,
A tell-tale the other,
With mutual assistance,
Like sister and brother.

-
1. To him must sore experience show
On rolling stones no moss can grow.
 2. The name of one, a vile deceiver,
By Shakspeare made a type for ever.
 3. A huge, strong, four-legg'd, foreign creature,
Repulsive both in form and feature.
 4. An useful, friendly, prattling bird.
 5. Bright-eyed, yet never gains good word.

XCVIII

Two Temples rear'd by human hands,
Of different tongues, of sever'd races ;
One, richly wrought and towering stands,
And time, instead of spoiling, graces ;
And worshippers above the dead,
With solemn voice and gentle tread,
Reverence the symbol and the shrine—
Confessions of a faith divine.

The other, by man's steps defil'd,
And dust of years unswept away ;
Where worship sounds a jargon wild,
Where much they speak, and read, and pray
But all the reverence and awe,
Which neither shrines nor service draw,
Are for the record of their law.

-
1. A type of suffering, physical and mental ;
 2. The anti-type, by no means transcendental,

-
3. And if you want the sign, you here may find
it,
 4. Though as to pain, this saint did little mind it.
 5. A noun of somewhat humpy dumpy nature.
 6. An active verb of power, though short in
stature.
 7. A talisman to bind, or signify
 8. A hope, a promise, when you say 'good bye,'
 9. In token of the bond that may not die.



XCIX

A youth who remember'd the words of his
mother,
And left them recorded for ages to come.
The seer who proclaim'd one king after another,
And answer'd the call of his friends from the
tomb.

1. A worldly church they form'd, rich and proud-
hearted,
With sense of needing better things departed.
2. A name of note through Israel's darkness
shining,
Priesthood and literature at once combining.
3. A lesser light, his lanthorn grimly lending
Whilst alien wives to utter darkness sending.
4. A lying adjective of *e* denuded
For lack of word complete, is thus intruded.
5. By poet styl'd 'of all her daughters fairest,'
Sad is the name that through all time thou
bearest !
6. Part of an entrance or an exit, noted
By sign of safety for a tribe devoted.

C

He ought to be a Teacher—
He ought to be a Healer,
In both of which professions
He often proves a failure.

He ought to cure divisions,
And men together draw,
But better loves the *subtleties*
Of equity and law.

-
1. Of three capital letters, which indicate words,
To th' above giving title, I'll grant you two-thirds.
 2. To this city of exports by sea you may go,
 3. And the cry of this bird on the coast you must know.
 4. Perhaps if you earnestly make the endeavour,
 5. You might write such a poem, both lasting and clever,
 6. And recall to your mind what seemed parted for ever.

CI

A mineral the First,
The Second a plant,
Each the other supplies
With all it can want.
Added labour to them
New inventions but bring;
So 'the Song of the Shirt'
They together may sing.

1. I'm the fisherman's pastime when not on the
sea,
Beware, foolish birds ! keep your distance
from me.
2. Its possessions and charms cast o'er us a
spell,
And spite of our growlings, we love it so
well,
3. That our hearing turns deaf to the sound of
a knell.

-
4. No project or plan could stay the fierce
stream,
 5. Wherein cities and men disappear'd like a
dream,
 6. Wrapp'd in ashes till time their remains
should redeem.
-

CII

Triple.

The tidings are borne on light wings far and
wide,
As surely as flow and as ebb of the tide,
And like them they are swept out of mind, and
subside.

1. Not the part of the neck by garotters com-
press'd.
2. An office once held by the oldest and best.

3. With no chaplet of flowers for its symbol or crown,
4. And when place without service was almost unknown.
5. Too sternly a fact for an ode or an epic.
6. It needs some 'oblivious and sweet' soporific.
7. Saint Dunstan us'd this in a, manner offensive.
8. Compilation of knowledge minute and extensive,
9. Whereby learning, forgotten, to life springs again,
10. And the fetters of ignorance fall from the brain.

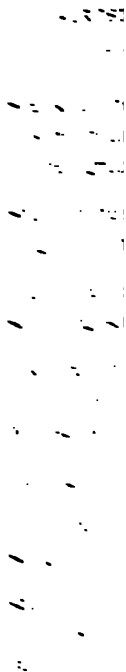


CIII

Though I 'm fond of a ball,
Yet I 'd leave a bright Hall
To frequent a dark wall.

The shades of night
To me are bright
With Attic light.

1. Though the wise may call me knave,
Yet I always cheer the brave.
2. In flight through the air I am often found,
Aspiration would force me to work in the
ground.
To a coat I'm considered an ornament great,
But a dog must accept me as given by fate.



-
5. Dangerous to gather flowers in these fair
 meads,
 6. Where, 'braving heaven's first law,' grim
 Pluto treads,
 7. And snakes in dell and corner snugly hide,
 8. To sting, as erst one stung that beauteous
 bride,
 9. Whose loss was mourn'd in many a tuneful
 strain,
 Which sought to bring her back to light in
 vain.
 More worthy she of such wild enterprise
 Than one in later times, whose 'starlit eyes'
 10. Made of a minstrel's life fell sacrifice.
 11. Worshipp'd as Zeus by the Anglo-Saxon.
 12. A state, we are told, which virtue puts a
 tax on.

CV

A Depredator.

An Annexator.

One did it for himself,

The other for his king.

Both put poor sovereigns on the shelf,

Both with their states annex'd their pelf

As a thank-offering.

1. Such Indian's wealth not oft is spent
Like his whose deeds and fame of saint
2. This Umbrian town made eloquent.
3. An after-thought abbreviating.
4. Both soothing and inebriating.
5. An influence in Thibet unending,
6. Higher and higher still ascending.
7. An acid found in woodland glen.
8. A county dear to sporting men.

CVI

'When Adam delv'd and Eve did spin,'
No hands were indolent.
Proud were they then their bread to win,
And Satan circumvent.
No questions of gentility
Perplex'd their simple lot,
Nor laws against mendicity
When mendicants were not.

1. If you 've nothing worth saying, 'tis best to
be mute,
2. And your wrath may subside when you cease
to dispute.
3. The practice of telling the scandal, we 're told,
Is like spreading infection of fevers or cold.



CVII

These I offer thee, in token
Of a pledge, to last unbroken,
Of my love and faith to thee—
Of thy heart's captivity.
'Tis too late to fear or falter,
Held by *that* as by a halter ;
Bound by *this* as by a fetter,
Evermore, for worse or better.
Endeth thus thy liberty,
But in love's captivity
Fear cast out, and spirit free.

1. Scottish signification—*mark it well*,
2. That under a mistake you may not dwell.
3. That marriage feast all others must excel.
4. The two French surnames of a navigator
Who sail'd from icy lands to the equator ;
5. He for his country spent his whole existence,
6. This title meriting by his persistence.
7. If by mere accident this way you came,
8. You may take your departure by the same.

CVIII

Patient, cheerful, serviceable
On the farm or at the table.
Nursing others' progeny,
Seeing them run off to sea
Graceless and ungratefully ;
Bright example, in her spirit,
Of forgiving, faithful merit.

In a nursery legend this 'sat on a wall,'
From whence it is said to have 'had a great fall.'
Pope tells us 'tis 'only the vulgar who boil it,'
And 'the learned who roast,' and most probably
 spoil it ;
By Rome's faithful sons it is held in request,
And by no means neglected by those who protest.

-
1. My First is on his back borne by a snail.
 2. My Second falls when day begins to fail.
 3. My Third may be an owl—a crow—a quail.

CIX

A torment, a kernel—the bliss of the stable,
In the farmyard arousing the clamour of Babel ;
Man's life it supports—but life with its pain
Insupportable might be instead of a gain ;
But, with all that we hear of its need and its
 worth,
Men ruthlessly hide it away in the earth.

This 'invisible spirit' and demon of revel
Bears in Shakspeare the name of the father of
 evil ;
It warms and it poisons, excites and subdues,
It destroys a man's strength and his spirit renews ;
It was meant for a blessing, 'tis turn'd to a curse ;
It brings to the poor-house—the prison—the
 hearse.

1. A much respected meditative beast.
2. A house of Israel for its crimes suppress.
3. By students practis'd e'en as by my First,
4. Though deem'd of higher kind when by them
 nurs'd.

CX

‘They also serve who only stand and wait.’

‘How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.’

1. The use to which Sol turns an ‘orient wave,’
2. To him such rest my Second never gave,
Though ‘brightest greens’ its ‘crystal’ waters
lave.
3. My Third without my Fourth would oft in vain
4. Work out the problems of the labouring brain.
5. Attempt involving effort, courage, toil,
6. And which uncounted hindrances may foil,
7. And at its very end some shock may spoil.

CXI

‘Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider
to the fly,
’Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did
spy.’

‘The golden laws of’ truth ‘shall be
Upon this pillar hung ;
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true yet constant tongue.’

1. That to which ‘disestablishing’
Will, we are told, perdition bring.
2. But how can you the knot untie,
3. Or that wild people satisfy ?
4. True as the magnet to the pole,
5. The Jesuits’ followers, heart and soul,
6. Will through the darkest hours hold on
In faith’s allegiance, to that throne
7. Whose pomp and honour seem their own.

CXII

'All heaven and earth are still, though not in
sleep,

But silent as we grow when feeling most.'

'All is concentrated in a life intense.'

'We have not time to sport away the hours ;
All must be *living* in a world like ours.'

'Who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him
best.'

'If not to act, but only to be still.'

'Both love and hope beneath the load give way,
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister patience, nothing loth,
And, both supporting, does the work of both.'

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1. A promise at the altar made,
By no means meaning what is said.
 2. The fair young princess, 'with a shower
Of beauty for her earthly dower,'
E'en o'er her own has little power.

3. When we have gain'd this lofty height
Above the lake so calm and bright,
4. ' Darkness shall show us worlds of light ; '
5. Unless the effect of climbing toil
Should our heaven-gazing wishes foil,
6. Nor brightest gem of midnight skies
Have power to fix our sleepy eyes,
7. Too tired to long, like him of old,
For that which still escap'd his hold.



CXIII

'Ever charming, ever new,'
Villas never 'tire the view.'
There is one, *par excellence*,
Grac'd by bright intelligence,
Near the bridge which spans the stream,
Sparkling as a fairy-dream,
Gifted hand and noble heart
Casting spells o'er every part—
Sacred to sweet memory
Deeper than the eye can see.

A place where saint and sinner thrives,
And Father Thames his presence gives,
With many a barge, skiff, and flotilla
Gliding by cottage, mansion, villa—
And terrace, town, and garden bright
Tir'd London workers to invite
Away from midnight ball and riot,
To purer air, and rest, and quiet.

1. The reverend bird, with priestly book and gown.
2. A double ego makes me more than noun.
3. 'Behold him' combat 'in the people's cause,
And bid the mob reform defective laws ;'
4. Suspending such as would oppose their will,
5. And 'in their' frenzy showing 'method' still.
6. The end we aim'd at was beyond th' occasion.
7. A short clear word, admitting no evasion.
8. How rarely does debate effect persuasion !

L'Envoi.

